

# Logos II

Volume XIII  
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Summer 1992

## The Word of Harpeth Hall

### Let's talk about SACS

By Asha Anandaiah and  
Stephanie Smartt

You may have noticed several unfamiliar faces around the Harpeth Hall campus last April. They were members of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools (SACS), visiting to evaluate and make recommendations about our school's quality and effectiveness.

Before they came, the school was required to prepare a self-evaluation, to which the faculty, staff, trustees, students and parents contributed. This study provided valuable insight as well as the groundwork for the SACS evaluation.

In their report, the members of the committee recognized Harpeth Hall's efforts to provide a nurturing environment that encourages

close student-teacher relations. They also commented upon our beautiful campus and high-quality facilities. They praised Harpeth Hall's commitment to a solid education for young women that provides students with a strong preparation for college and the future.

Some of the recommendations of the committee included a greater stress on independent learning rather than sole reliance on classroom lecture; and the acquisition and utilization of new technology to enhance our education in all areas of the curriculum.

They also emphasized Harpeth Hall's need for greater diversity among its student body. They suggested the creation of a Marketing Strategy and

the expansion of summer programs for younger students as measures to achieve that goal. Another possible area of improvement is Harpeth Hall's community service programs.

While the committee was here, they attended an evening of Harpeth Hall Fine Arts that included performances by the Madrigals, numbers from the Upper School fall musical *Anything Goes* and the Middle School musical *Alice in Wonderland*. Junior Mary Wallace Patrick said, "They were really nice and kept complimenting me on the performance."

Many students seemed to share Sophomore Katie Moran's opinion that, "the campus was too superficial - I wish they could (continued on page 3)



photo by Emily Davis

Does anyone remember seeing this here before?

### Teachers say goodbye

By Holly Whetsell

With a total of twenty-nine years of teaching at Harpeth Hall, Nancy Duvier, LaRue George Sellers, Murray Sellers, Amy Sebes, Tania Batson, and Patricia Carney say farewell.

Mrs. Nancy Duvier is ready to "slow down" after fifteen years of teaching sixth grade geography and seventh grade American History at Harpeth Hall. Her plans include part-time work with Downs Syndrome children at First Presbyterian Church in Nashville. She feels that with her experience at Harpeth Hall, she will be fully equipped for this work. "Seeing students start in the Middle School as young children and grow in the Upper School and realizing academic and leadership potential of those young women is so special. At times I wondered if I was pushing too hard, but then to see them prosper and take off on their own is absolutely incredible."

When asking Duvier what she wishes for Harpeth Hall, Duvier replies, "I would really like for us to get back to the point where we are

proud of our accomplishments and encourage achievements, but we cannot say that we are any better than anyone else simply because of our abundant opportunities. It is taking advantage of what is offered, and not putting emphasis on artificial ideas."

In a combined interview, Mr. George Sellers and Dr. Murray Sellers, who have both taught here four years, report that they plan to move to the midportion of Florida. As many know, the Sellers are both licensed pilots, and when asked about their plans, Mr. Sellers stated, "We plan to see a man about an airplane." When they leave, Mr. Sellers said that they will both greatly miss Puddin' and all the other dogs that guard Harpeth Hall's campus.

In the past four years, they feel that they have met some very interesting people whom they will never forget. In a word of advice to the student body, Mr. Sellers says, "Learn all you can and quit whining! Do not be afraid of intellectual endeavors, and (continued on page 9)



The identity of Ponch and John is revealed on page 10!!

photo by Emily Davis

### New society offers opportunity

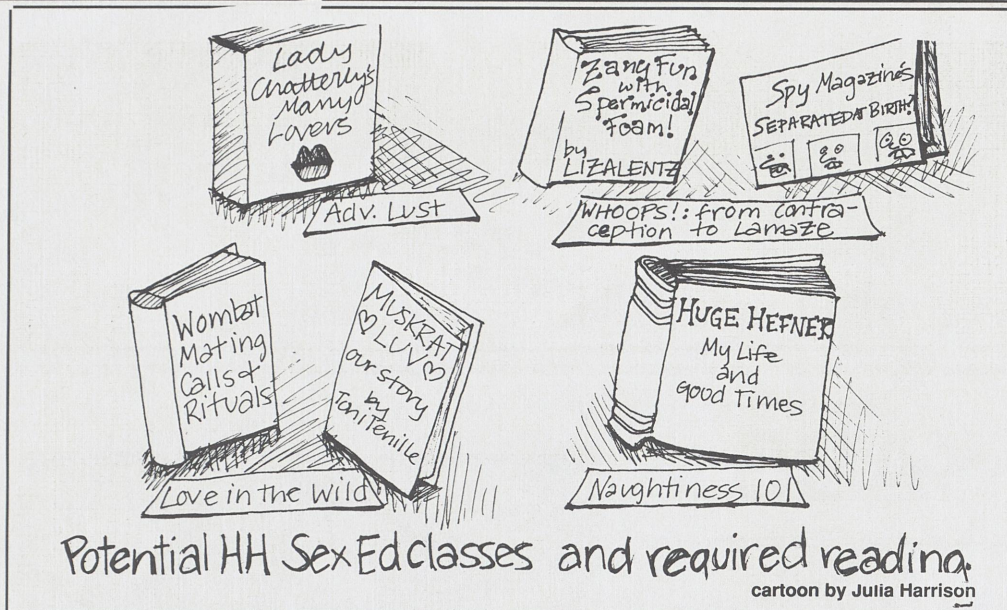
By Hilrie Brown

Webster's defines "ambassador" as "...a diplomatic agent of the highest rank; an authorized representative of a messenger." Harpeth Hall is forming a brand new organization called the Ambassador Society, and draws from Webster's definition in choosing the

name of the organization. The Ambassador Society is a committee of a few girls chosen for their commitment to our school. The girls will work closely with Mrs. Brown and the Admissions Department, as well as the community at large. Involvement in this committee will require time and dedication.

Mandatory lunch meetings will be held at least once a month to discuss upcoming events. Each member will be required to participate in a minimum of four activities per semester. Club duties will include giving tours, hosting receptions, and general public relations work within the school and out in the Nashville community.





## Anti-intellectualism prevails at HH

By Malena Salberg

"Why on Earth do you take Latin? What a waste!"

"It seems like you're always going to those stupid Latin Conventions."

"What's the point? Latin's a dead language."

I hear these and similar comments so often that I hardly ever think about them anymore. However, recently I had occasion to think about these statements and their disconcerting implications.

This past weekend I attended my fifth state Latin Convention. Every year since seventh grade I have attended and each year I see the same schools departing with most of the awards: USN, FRA, Memphis University School, Clarksville Northeast. And inverse-proportionally, I see Harpeth Hall's delegation become smaller, less forcible, and more disillusioned until this year we reached a nadir: only five upper-schoolers attended. Increasingly, HH students shy away from Latin because of the nerd stigma it carries within our hallowed halls. Even for me it becomes more and more embarrassing to mention to other Harpeth Hallers that I take Latin. That I should have to feel this way is an indication that something is

appallingly wrong with Harpeth Hall's intellectual attitude.

Harpeth Hall honors those who excel in many areas. Accomplished athletes, dancers, and actresses are all well respected on the campus. In addition, those who make superior grades are lauded. But the intellectuals are unheralded unless they succeed in some other area.

Let me dispel a misconception that all too many Harpeth Hall students sustain: that the students who make the best grades are the most intelligent. Certainly this is true in some cases, but as a generalization, it is dreadfully wrong.

I don't deny that grades are important. After all, I too want to get into college. But to too many Honeybears, grades are all-important. Many students, therefore, cram into their brains only what information is necessary in order to obtain an "A" rather than learning for learning's sake, which is what true intellectualism is.

And for the most part, teachers promote anti-intellectualism by testing students primarily on their ability to regurgitate their

notes or homework problems. Instead, students should be judged on their propensity for linking separate entities together by common themes or for combining skills together in order to solve new and different problems. Tests and exams should be intellectually stimulating and thought-provoking.

Very few of my classes at Harpeth Hall have been truly titillating, and for a school that considers itself a superior academic institution, that is a sorry thing indeed. I hunger for intellectual stimulation constantly.

Which is why, among other things, I attend Latin conventions. Because there I have met some of my very favorite people: people who have valid opinions and respect others' valid opinions, but most of all, people who learn because learning is interesting and wonderful. These people are the reason that I go back to convention every year, and if that is so absurd or hard to believe within the HH community, then I would highly encourage the administration, faculty, and student body to seriously rethink their priorities and goals in education.

## Senior expresses frustration with peers

By Beth Osgood

I am having mixed emotions about my upcoming graduation. For the past four years I have gone to school with a not-so-diverse group. When I first came to school here my freshman year, there was a certain group of which I would have liked to be a part. As the year rolled on, I found out these might not be the girls I thought they were. In my four years at Harpeth Hall I have attended one

party, freshman year, given by four freshmen in my class. I was honestly disgusted by the behavior of these girls, my peers. I am no saint, but thirteen-year-olds drinking heavily and smoking pot turned me off to any of them. I get so frustrated when people come into class talking about how drunk they were that weekend. These girls act as if they have accomplished something because they downed

# Sex education is needed for youth

By Naomi Limor

Naomi wrote this editorial when she worked for the Tampa Tribune in Tampa, Florida during Winterim.

Adults might like to think that teenagers are not having sex, but that is not reality. "Let's face it," said Adkinson, who teaches family living to juniors and seniors at Pinellas Park High School in Pinellas Park, Fla. "Whether we like it or not ... some teens are having sex." Adults who oppose sex education in the high school curriculum assume that teens are going to find out all they need to know about sex from their parents.

Wrong.

"Studies show that only 11 percent of all parents have any meaningful discussion with their kids about human sexuality," said Joe Clifford, a counselor at Springstead High School, in Spring Hill, Fla.

What about the other 89 percent of parents?

What about their children?

How do they find out about sex?

Teenagers' minds are bombarded by bits and pieces of sexual information from T.V. and movies they watch, peers they talk to, and their own sexual experimentation. Movies and T.V. make sex glamorous; the gorgeous hero always sleeps with an equally gorgeous woman, or vice versa. They see nothing about the emotional repercussions of sex. They see only the glitz of the silver screen.

The information they receive from their peers is misleading and often fictitious. Boys as well as girls make up stories about

their sexual experiences to make them seem more mature. They all face peer pressure to engage in some kind of sexual activity.

"Statistics show more and more young people are having sex, and pregnancy and AIDS cases are increasing all the time," said Brian Cobb, a physician in charge of emergency services at Polk (County, Fla.) General Hospital. He recently urged the Polk County School Board to expand its sex education program to include the district's 12 high schools.

Increasing sex education would help dispel myths associated with sex as well as bring to light dangers of sexual activity such as teen pregnancy and AIDS. If teens are not taught about the dangers of AIDS, then more than likely, an entire generation of the population might be affected as well as infected. In order to decrease the chances that teenagers have of becoming stricken with the deadly disease, sex education must continue to be a part of the high school curriculum in all areas.

## Logos II

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## Editorial Policy

Logos II invites both students and faculty to submit letters to the editor or editorials expressing personal views. Your input will enrich our paper. Please place your contributions in the Logos II box in Souby Hall. No anonymous writings will be accepted.

The Editors of  
Logos II

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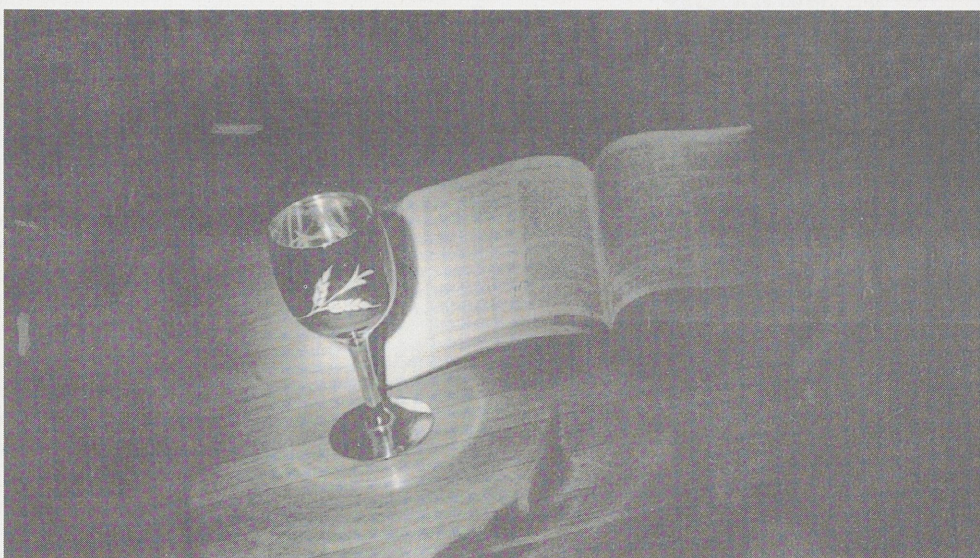


photo by Mary Evelyn Brooks

## Trolley rides not worthwhile

By Sarah Phillips and Julie Asbury

The honking of horns, the smell of exhaust, the feel of cold steel against a hot palm, oh, to ride Nashville's Trolley. We went undercover on a Sunday afternoon to observe the specimens of life dwelling on Nashville's Trolley. Is there a better way to spend a Sunday afternoon than riding downtown on a bright, shiny, fire-engine red trolley? We discovered, yes, actually there is. Although the trolley is a cheap way to get from here to there, it is not the romantic sightseeing trip that

is depicted in the movies. We did find amorous young couples cuddling cozily as they journeyed through scenic downtown Nashville; however, a majority of the passengers were "banjo lovin', tank top wearin', flip-flop sportin', camera totin'" tourists hoping to catch a glance at former mayor Bill Boner or Bocephus (Hank Williams, Jr.) as they swagger down Music Row. Needless to say, many were disappointed. As with all other forms of public transportation, a variety of people ride the trolley. From

the aforementioned people to little children slobbering on the pale windows and brass railings. As a note to people watchers, the trolley provides a source of entertainment, but the ever trusty, ever cheaper mall provides a larger source of visual prey. The ambience of the trolley is different from that of buses or taxis, but it is inspiring in any form or fashion. A trolley ride is not a negative experience, but spending a Sunday afternoon at the park with a carton of super-fudge ice cream and one's best friend is time better spent.

## Everybody dance now!!

By Sarah Walton

Once again the junior class of Harpeth Hall succeeded in pulling off a great prom. Using the class's overwhelming creativity, "Neptune's Night Out" featured the common prom theme, under-the-sea, in a surprisingly original way. Prom began with the senior class and the Prom Court: freshman Lacy Galbraith, sophomore Genevieve Fitzgerald, juniors Mary Vance and Shay Upadhyaya, seniors Kathy Gale Estes and Liz Earls and Prom Queen Carrie Crossman-being presented through the hull of a shipwreck. Efficiently run, presentation began promptly on time, unlike previous years. After a break, during which many couples lined up to have their pictures taken, the Grounders began to play. Much to the students' delight, the band played many oldie-but-goodies in which trumpets and even backup singers were used. The gym quickly filled with couples dancing under the

revolving disco ball and the crowd's general consensus was that this was one of the best dances at a Prom yet. Sophomore Holly Whetsell remarked, "The decorations were so realistic I almost hopped across the street to my house to get my snorkelling mask and flippers."

Everyone agreed that, even though the bubble machine did not quite work and many of the live goldfish died before the night ended, the decorations still gave that oxygen-free, underwater feel to the gallery.

The entire junior class was relieved that it went over so well. "It was a lot of hard work, but it was great the way our whole class contributed and worked together to get the job done," said junior Mary Brook Akers. After wrestling with the messy idea of papier mâchéing the large presentation backdrop, the class came up with the idea to cover the boat with colored tissue paper stuffed into chicken wire. John Teeter, a

junior at Hillsboro, commented, "The boat's cool, a little hairy, but quite cool."

The seniors will continue to insist that their prom last year was better, but they have to admit that our prom was an excellent way for the juniors to show their appreciation to seniors.



Neptune exchanges swimsuit for a tuxedo for Prom 1992.

photo courtesy of Langford Barksdale

# Short Cuts

By Thalia Acosta

- April 1 April Fools' Day  
God reveals himself to be quite the comedian when he announces that, since the beginning of time, April Fools' Day hasn't really been April 1; it's been April 22.
- April 6-10 SACS committee visits campus  
Students come to school on time, in uniform, with their shirts tucked in and their faces beaming with enthusiasm.
- April 13 Life at HH returns to *normal*.
- April 24 Dancers perform for sellout crowd on opening night of annual dance concert.
- April 30 Junior/Senior Day  
*Seniors kick bootie!!*
- May 1 College candidates' reply date  
College-bound Seniors make THE final decision-- to wear heels instead of flats on Prom night.
- May 2 Students drown in fun and festivities at Prom.
- May 15 Track and field team wins first place in state meet!
- May 17 HH and MBA chorus members "ooh" and "ahh" as Grant Seshul serenades Senior Shelley Carmichael during spring choral concert.
- May 20 Last day of 1991-1992 school year  
Students and teachers sigh collective sigh of relief.
- May 21 Awards Day  
While cleaning out lockers, students find various long-forgotten, unidentifiable, funny items now lacking any kind of definite purpose, but strangely possessing the powers of movement and speech.
- May 22 Students summon up just enough energy and brainpower for a final week of exams.
- May 25 Elvis finally pays his library fines and, as a result, Mrs. Carney and Mrs. Rumsey allow him to pass from this world to the next.

### Sacs. . .

(continued from page 1)

see the way we are everyday."

Overall, the SACS committee seemed to enjoy their visit to Harpeth Hall, and everything ran fairly smoothly. The evaluation was a part of an accreditation process that occurs every ten years, so their recommendations will set the tone for Harpeth Hall for the next ten years, when the school will be reevaluated.

### Frustrated Senior. . .

(continued from page 2)

just sorry for them. I honestly feel they should examine their behavior and learn to respect themselves. In doing this I feel they could be themselves instead of clones of one another. Then they might realize we all have feelings and we can all be hurt by words and lies; I know.



## Teachers reminisce for the last time (really)

By Sarah Davis and Kim Wang

Feeling unsure about the wording of our two previous questions, we searched out Mr. Peter Goodwin with a newly revised question.

To answer our inquiry, Mr. Goodwin had a variety of things to say. He began with an unforgettable anecdote from his high school years.

"My senior year, I wanted to play in the band. I'd never been in the band before and I couldn't read music, but I thought it would be fun...the only thing I would be eligible for would be the drums because, of course, you don't have to read music (except you have to be able to count), but you don't have to read notes and they needed someone to play in the drum section that year, so I was allowed to join. This was on a Thursday, I remember, in the fall -- it was two weeks into the school year and the band director told me to come to band practice that afternoon after school. What I didn't realize was that he was inserting me in the regular marching band line up, and -- I'd never even -- I mean -- you have to know a little bit of SOMETHING to march in the band so you don't look completely out of step, but of course I couldn't even learn to play the drums in 24 hours -- but he wanted me out there, though. I don't know why; he could see that I wasn't going to be able to do this (playing drums or even playing the cymbals). But, he gave me these --

maracas -- they were, you know, like little gourds on a stick with beans in them or something just to shake whenever I wanted to or felt like it. You can imagine this: we had some little Cuban kind of songs and I was told to march along and the director demonstrated. I could just play, shake these maracas to my heart's content. I felt a little silly, you know, I was, after all, a senior -- 17 years old -- and shaking these maracas out there in the band wearing my red and white striped suit. It was a beautiful uniform; but, nevertheless, I felt a little funny. Anyhow, the next day was Friday (this is football game day in the south of course) and the band was having one final practice while people were filing into the stadium. There was this idiot named Bobby Downing in the trumpet section and he leaned back too far in his chair and fell on my maracas and one of them exploded -- the things went everywhere -- so that left me with one -- one maracae -- maraca -- I don't know what the singular is. Anyway, I did march on a 50 yard line with my one maraca, shaking it to songs like "Georgie Girl" and that was my debut as a musician. It was sort of the high point and the low point at the same time, from there on out it was pretty much downhill. I thought it was a worthwhile thing to try (it did mean I had to drop typing and take chemistry to be in the band so that I could expand my musical horizons).

(continued on page 12)



Senior dancers end the year with a grand "Finale."

photo courtesy of Leslie Mathews

## HHS: Are initials the only similarity?

By Emily Davis and Karissa Schecter

Though Honeybears may think that the world is a flat plane bounded by Estes and Hobbs, just minutes away lies Hillsboro High School, quite a different atmosphere. At Harpeth Hall our routine consists of obeying strict rules, wearing the uniform, studying hard, attending ALL classes, and living in a generally "secluded" realm. When we, as the editors of *Logos II*, visited Hillsboro, our experience, apart from being a day missed from school, confirmed our previous notions in some ways but

surprised us in many others.

As the bell rang at 7:00 A.M., we meandered to our first class greeted by tired faces and the typical "I don't want to be here" look that you find at every school. Misguided by the image of the student throwing spitballs at the teacher, we found many of them to be attentive and willingly participatory. However, at HH, students have an automatic study ethic, and it is very difficult to sit in class and put tape on dollar bills to falsely feed innocent Coke machines. The Honor Code at Harpeth Hall is followed in the same

manner with dutiful respect. At Hillsboro, cheating, as well as skipping class, is not an ethical question because so many people do it. As one student boasted, "I am a good skipper; bad skippers get suspended!" We unthinkingly endure all eight periods of the school day and see many of the same people. The comparative size of Hillsboro would lead one to believe that one would not get a chance to meet everyone; we found this to be untrue.

Few people jeered at us for our all-girls-school (continued on page 9)

By Daniel Tashian and Jolly Sood

It was a rainy Wednesday. Jolly Sood and myself were sipping coffee at Burger King, contemplating the events that lay ahead. We were to go to Harpeth Hall, as a journalism exchange, and then later two Harpeth Hall (from now on H.H.) students were to be our guests at the Hallmark school of the south, Hillsboro High School.

Upon arriving at H.H., we were greeted by our hosts and immediately ushered into the office. An announcement had been made pending our arrival, and there was something sinister afoot. Despite our best efforts, Jolly and I could not fit in with the sea of plaid skirts. We were handed a mock schedule which we would follow loosely through the day. We planned right then to take advantage of the three lunch periods.

The first class on our schedule was Physics. The teacher is a one of those

rare individuals who had the uncanny knack of turning an otherwise tedious subject into an enthralling discussion on the nature of light. At the close of this class, we felt as if we had transcended the bounds of common knowledge and crossed blissfully over into the Scientific World.

From there, we proceeded to Art History, and on the way, solicited comments such as: "Why are there boys here?" or "They don't go here!" This was a momentary feeling of exclusion, based solely on the fact that we were obviously of the gender that grows facial hair. Casting all discretion to the wind, we proceeded on. The Art History was quite good, but we couldn't help feeling as if we were attending a Masters' textbook reading.

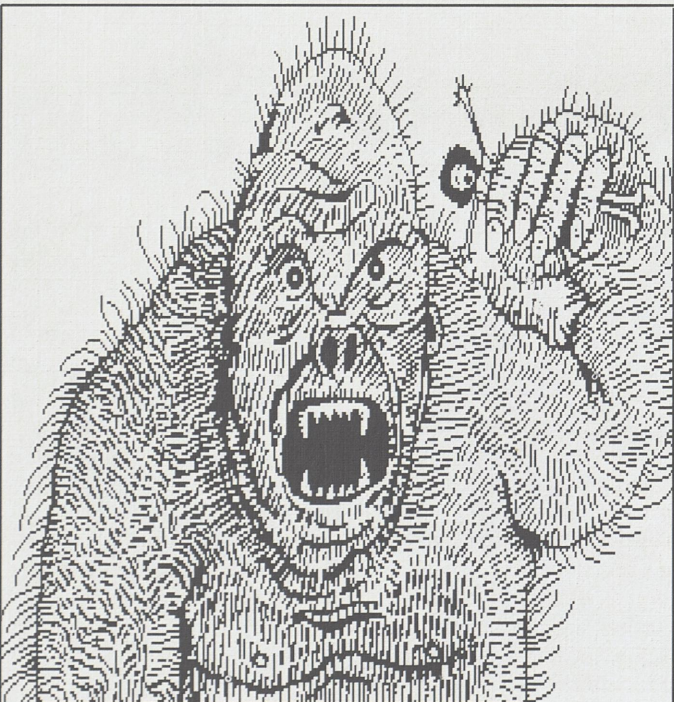
It was now lunch time. We seized the opportunity to escape for collecting our thoughts and nerves as they were scattered in various places

about the H. H. campus. After a couple burgers, we returned to H. H. and attended an afternoon schedule of other classes.

We begin with Art, because it was extraordinary. The art of the students seemed incredibly inspired and well schooled, the two essential ingredients in good creative work. Jolly and I were especially impressed by the sculpture. They seemed to be shaped from some heavenly model. The photography lab, which we visited briefly, seemed to be miraculously high tech. The benefits of private education seemed evident in the Art Department.

There was only one disappointment. One teacher failed to hold our attention, even considering our deeply rooted interest in the subject.

In summary, we enjoyed our excursion to H. H. and understand why a parent would want to reap the benefits of such excellent private education.



"What do you mean I'm not exempt, Mrs. Baughman?!"



## Last Will and Testaments:

## Seniors contemplate their mortality

I, Thalia Acosta, of sound mind and body (suppressed laughter here), do hereby leave to the following the following: to Amanda I leave galloping, rabid cow repellent, a puppy, and a clue; to Heather Kirkling I leave Cary Elwes; to Cary Elwes I leave my sincerest apologies (just kidding, Heather!); to Jennifer F. I leave another bottle of Emotion Lotion (just in case you, ahem, *lose* the first bottle); to Naomi I leave the Spirit of 76 and a sledgehammer (Do with them what you will); to Karissa I leave numerous cans of hairspray so that she, too, can achieve that "Rivergate Mall parking lot" look; to Emily D. I leave a plexiglass window; to Sarah D. I leave sugar-driven catfights with Kara in the Logos room; to Brooke I leave "Roses are red /But really they're /Not "; to "Yokel" I leave the missing "O!"; to Anitha I leave sopas at Cancun Mexican Restaurant; to Julia I leave an Ernie doll and eleven flights of stairs in the middle of the night; to Kim Wang I leave some coin to remember me by and 6,037 Ways to Say Anyways (I've already learned them by heart); to Christian the Clueless Wonder I leave permission to partake of Amanda's clue and some go-karting ability; to Billy I leave free room and board for a month at the General Hospital of his choice; to PCB 13 I leave 5000 Tootsie Rolls and buttermilk biscuits for those special occasions; to M. Tuzeneu I leave a resounding *d'ac*; to Carol I leave a curfew and a chaperone for those "business trips" to Las Vegas; to Dr. Echerd I leave enthusiastic "What a neat shirt!" comments; and to D - all of the above - I leave bubbles, glitter, much, laughter, and love.

I, Marcie Allen, of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following to: Anna Williams, my art history notes; Vadie Turner, my presence everywhere; Lissa Ezell, my memories from Cancun; Rebecca Russell, all the guys; Halle Hayes, my I.D.; Courtney Cooper, the ability to dive all over the volleyball court; Lydia and Helene, Mr. Goodwin's photo class; Mr. Hooper, copies of my Cancun pictures; Mr.

Goodwin, an Almond Joy candybar; Amy Lowen, a closed mouth; Mollie Mills, my hyperactivity; Dr. Echerd, the memories of your favorite advisee; Mr. Springman, my basketball shoes; Mr. Moran, memories of the volleyball champs; to the class of 1992, all the good times, the ability to forget the bad, and the best of luck to all of you next year.

I, Beth Amond, hereby leave Caroline West my healing hands and a bottle of Aloe Vera so that you may learn the trade of seducing a sun-burnt man. To Michelle, I leave our never-ending road trips in the infamous Red Bone. To Jessica, may you find a better distraction than I while studying Art History. To Torie, may your "Top 10 Men" list only grow with the years, and Torie, I know one day you will have memorized the song sheet, for that we all apologize. To Meg Vaughn, I leave my ability to have diverse slumber parties by the beach. To Jessica and Gabe, may you always be together in complete happiness. I love you guys!

I, Sarah Woods Anderson, being of restless mind and pale body, do hereby leave the following to the following: To Emily, letters and an open mind toward certain possibilities; to Judith, a new and different latinized name for each day of the week; to Lissa, a mutual friend and a giant shovel; to Meg and Lydia, the new Nah Nah's to all of you, THE POWER, never to be lost or given away.

I, Charlotte Brooks Avant, being of moderately sound mind and body, do abandon the traditional will format to say the following...High school is a good thing. If you work hard. You will receive a plethora of important awards that will help you have an amazing college transcript, thereby allowing you to get into the impossible school of your choice. After four years of college, and maybe a few more if you wish, you can intern and eventually edge your way into the real world. Does this sound familiar? Well, WAKE UP, PLEASE, WAKE UP! This is the real world. Don't wait until later to live your life! Live it now! Accept your own intelligence!

Tell people when you love them! Do not become numb to the world around you! Listen to yourself! Do what you want and don't be afraid to look stupid! Learn to take criticism! Learn to laugh really hard at yourself because life is a joke! Life is also very serious! But most of all, life is right now! Don't let it pass you by!

I, Langford Barksdale, of sound mind and burnt back do hereby bequeath the following: to Sarah Scarborough and Rebecca Russel, I award my status. To Hallie Hayes, I leave a microphone in New Orleans along with some goggles. I leave my ability to be the most obnoxious Physics student to Lindsey Cigarran. Kate Sherrard can have my freethrow shooting ability. I leave the Sigma Chi's and my St. George's MVP trophy to Courtney Cooper. I leave any of my overlooked test points to Anne Bartholomew. I leave Julie Barrett and Noni Nielson the worst job. To Mary Pillow Kirk, I leave the ability to throw a party on Earlington Drive. Oceana Gayden can have C.B. I leave Shannoni a shield to chow on. Mari Kate gets a pickle and a glass of milk, compliments of Craig. I leave Mary Brooke and Lissa Ezell the task of cramming Westminster next season. I leave a thumb to anyone stupid enough to stay at the Grapetree Cocoplum, and the "BULL" will be the prize of Ki Daniels!! Last but not least, K.A.W. will stay with me until I am legal.

I, Brooke Brown, being of moody mind and body do hereby leave my last will and testament as a graduating, never-to-return, saying-good-bye-to-high-school-forever while-others- stay- to-carry-on- my -legacy, senior. First, to Amanda Haslam, I leave a quotation by Colette, "You will do foolish things but do them with enthusiasm." I leave one volleyball picture, Italian men, and many, many, ramps so you never have to count stairs. To Heather Kirksey, I leave one life-sized Cary Elwes poster, and enough Advil to kill a horse. I bequeath a quart of peroxide to Emily hatch and with Maya Narula I leave the fate of dating the same guys over and over if they haven't all graduated. To Shay, I leave

one pack of No-Doz. I leave one life-sized poster of Cary Elwes to Julia Harrison. To Carrie Crossman, I leave one Waffle House hat and a stand-up, life-sized, super-duper poster of Christian Slater. To Crispin Davis, I leave Solarcaine and driving lessons. To my adorable, sweet-heart of a sister, I leave my swim cap and goggles---bronze them. I also leave driving lessons to go with the car you asked me to leave you. Yes, I leave you, Sara Brown, my Audi. To Thalia, I leave high heels. I bequeath customized, plastic, seat covers to Joelle Herr, so her car may remain sterile. To Jennifer Ingram, I leave special-recipe, secret-ingredient, super-tasty biscuits. To Karen W. and Ashley C., I leave my collection of Gatorama and especially to Ashley some cheese. I leave Kim Wang and Yoko Ichikawa a knack for original, well-respected ideas and morals. To Matt Foster, I leave a tasteful color of car paint. To Jennifer Farringer, I leave a prom dress you AND your parents can agree on, money for those future skin cancer operations, and a boyfriend. To Dr. Echerd one life-sized poster of Cary Elwes--no classroom should be without one. To Ryan, Flagg, and Alan, I leave Chris. To Chris, for the benefit of Ryan Flagg and Alan, I leave voice lessons. To Christian Puryear, I leave one gold, size six-and-a-half, class ring, and to Emily and Sarah Davis, Michiganders (hold up your hand and you're there) and a wash cloth to wipe that brown stuff off your noses. Finally, to anyone I forgot, this thought--"it hasn't been such a bad year after all. Thanks."

I, Betty Caplinger, of overactive mind and seldom salubrious body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: to the volleyball team, long, sweaty Saturdays, our buddy Mike, the playing time for which you have worked hard and waited long, patience, perseverance, and an endless love for the sport. To Mary Hunt, "Lucky 13", new knees, and Paul's phone number. To Kate, "Pet"-stops in Waverly, a "token" promotion, my friendship, and a standing invitation to visit UNC. To Mary,

continued success with that outstanding bank shot from the baseline, a Tip Drill Hall of fame. To Libby, a VCR conveniently lacking super-slo-mo. To my buddy K. Wray, lettuce, your man and the ability to follow your own advice, "Pet"-stops in Waverly, "Tony-dotes", a lifetime supply of Kero-Kero-Keroppi paraphernalia, a bottle of Pepto, and a damp towel, and all the confidence I've always had in you. To Mary Hunt, EO, Caroline, Cary, Elizabeth, Kimberly, Catherine, and Lacey: my parents, a van, a couple of folding chairs, and "The Eyes of Texas". To AP American, political controversy. To AP Physics, the Support Group and a current Log Book. To the Juniors, Cancun...the best Senior Spring Break ever. To whoever wants it, Emily D's and my Book Club. To Harpeth Hall, infinite "Thank You's". To everyone, your dreams and aspirations.

I, Shelley Carmichael, of strained mind and sound body hereby leave the following to... Emily Loyd, the awesome setting position; to Parkes Owen a piece of green Extra gum and that date we never had; to Mark Fuqua, the incredible ski trips and my "nerds" and "icee" at choir; to Mr. Wert, my Dad; to Tiffany Gaston, our hallway talks and a great cross-country season; to Katherine Wray, Grant; to T.J. Wilt, my tire; to Olivia and Garrett, my heart; to Mary Southwood, green Converse basketball shoes and the word "Lob;" to Mike, being an only child; to Jim Dandy market, my daily trip to get an icee, nerds, and the saying "have a Jim Dandy day;" to Kate Sherrard, the basketball team because you are the token and our catch-up talks; to Mary Pillow Kirk, the construction company that builds walls and all of the good laughs; to Cournty Cooper, the "roofing power" in volleyball; to the volleyball team, the best of luck and a fun season; to the tennis team, the power to live through the milk truck rides; to the basketball team, the play "Crank and Crash;" to Lindsey C., Molls Mills, and Emily L., Camp of the Woods; to Lydia and Meg, the names "Lid" and "Shmeg;" to Grant, my singing, the pyramid, and all of the memoiries; to Jack,



your car and my love; to Kathy, room for the next set of twins and much, much, love; to Dad, a pair of pants to pull up, Olivia to scratch your back, and tons of love; to Mom, your car, an empty room and tons of my love; to the Class of 1993, the best of luck, an incredible senior year, and Cancun for the best spring break ever; to the Class of 1992, good luck to everyone, the best possible senior year, and all of the memories; to Harpeth Hall, the best six years of my life!

I, Emily (Aemilia) Davis, being of putrefying mind and corpulent body, do hereby bequeath my belongings to the following:

To Sarah D. (my alter ego) I leave an identity, the quickening, the TWINRUS license plate, a pint of O.J., boxers on New Year's Eve, Reflections, the Marymount Spirit, a pile of tossed clean laundry, and bones to buy fumes and smokes. To Mary Evelyn Brooks I leave a cremation urn for the day she finally burns in hell, donuts, that "Interesting Drug," Rooter remains, and sprinkles. To Kent Riley I leave a tip under the check and *mea cor*. To Phillip S. Hanson, esq., I leave the *Handbook of Manipulation* by P.S.H. and a lucrative painting career. To Jeff Schaapl I leave all my deep thoughts and honesty. To Yoko Ichikawa I leave GOOD coffee, a sleeping bag, lunch money, and eternal Wesleyan bliss. To Karissa Scmechter I leave the Love Computer, glass shardlings, and my blue skirt. To Martin Mushrush I leave lunch on me, *darling*. To Herschel P. I leave one red rose. To Emily Casselbury and Amy Hamilton I leave those early morning conversations over the Spin Doctors. To D'Anna Malone I leave her very own cuteness in a nutshell. To Joelle Herr I leave Sam Neill, and pieces of food flying across the Cooker. To Julia and Kara I leave a red motorcycle with helmets and extra food for Milestones. To the Destin Crew I leave my Delchamps flip-flops. To Heather K., Anitha, Malena, and Thalia I leave a good Logos tantrum. To my family I leave my loving sarcasm, Sadie's melodrama, and permission to enshrine my cleanly room (excluding admission to Allison). Finally, to all those in need, I leave the Power Logbook. *Amo te omnes*.

I, Sarah Davis, of frazzled mind and out of shape body, leave my belongings to the following: to Emily and Mary, all my coolness (including personals); to Julia, my jewelry, all the computer work, her stuff; to Allison, Jennifer, and Lellyett, all my swimsuits, suntan lotion, nacho rice-cakes, Will, Haytez, Brian, and all the cat of AMC; to Kim, all my confidence and socialness (what little there is); to Arianna, all my dark clothes and shoes; to Phil and Jeff, fun, excitement, boredom, and the money; to Emily C., all my wight and music - she has some mutual tastes; to Yoko, dilligence, coffee, my card table, my room, my carpet and my whole entire house, to my family, my social life; to Heather and Naomi, stupid, idiotic fights about nothing and heart-felt conversations; to D-ner and Joelle, lots of good times, picnics, movies, and Billy Zane; to Kara, many years of weird things (school, camp, Curious George, borrowed things and a strange friendship), to Jasmine and Shay, Algebra insight and our one night out (Misery!); to Leigh, Amy, et.al, talks in the Senior House; to the Senior class, best wishes and thanks for an interesting and evolutionary four years!

I, Jennifer Duck, being of strong mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Jennifer Towbin: the frustrations of Frosh cheerleading; to Judith Howell: the ability to love sugar; to Shay Upadhyaya: soggy baguettes; to Libba Loyd: my MBA cheerleading sweater; to Cecy Lovvorn: my brother; to Amy Knowles: the ability to survive two more years; to all my friends who are still working on it: the POWER! to mom: a cleaner house and a huge phone bill.

I, Kara Emerson, *mens sana in corpore sano*, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mary Wallace and Sacha: SJDLZ - take good care of him; to Melissa: St. Bernard's memories and Milestones fun; to Susanna: a great year, daily hugs, and an uneventful (ha!) copy editorship; to Aimee: our side of the stage in tap; to the AP Physics back table: we reigned supreme; to Mary Lucy: watch out for those nails before you step on them; to Dr. Echerd: my extensive knowledge of the Yiddish language and many, many jokes about my ethnic

background; to Malena: endless hours of analyzing the onion (the more you peel off the worse he smells) and a shared obsession for a certain Olympic basketball player; to Julie and Sarah: the task of keeping the "play people" alive, and lots of love; to all the underclassmen: a slice of the Wonderloaf himself; to the Thespians: do it forever on stage; to the "Damn Clique": Drew, Nabob, Howie P., G.K., TayRay, Shade (4), Jules, Julie and Sarah, and Stinky/Skippy - I love you guys, it's been real; to Mere and the girl group: Sanibel was the best; to Heather K.: some major y'know and wuv, true wuv; to Holley: a pinto bean and an endless boat ride; to the St. Bernard's crew: 12! To Brian, Michael, Mom and Dad: my love and eternal thanks.

I, Kathy Gale Estes, being of sound mind and body, do leave the following: To Sarah Scarborough, plenty of fun weekends at Sewanee next year, and hopefully you will remember them the next morning; to Courtney, all my frustrating moments on the Volleyball court and all the dumb blonde jokes floating around (in exchange I want a date with your brother-- just kidding!); to Kimberly and Katherine, all my powers of making fun of freshmen next year and my sarcastic attitude; to Mary Britton, a new cousin because Liz is so rude and no fun! to Rebecca Russell, almost everything else except Joe--I'm taking him with me!! I definitely leave you with my awesome babysitting skills, lots of fattening food, and my unique way of running on the treadmill.

I, Jennifer Ferf Farringer, being of my mind and my body, leave the following: To Amanda, a copy of *Spaceballs*, Pargo's, and a fish filter. To Naomi I leave a ticket to Wayne's World, and the JCC pool. To Heather I leave The Empire Strikes Back, the mountain, Bilbo's cave, and Scanners. To Brooke I leave the Sportsplex hook-up, Chris' humor, and a message on your answering machine. To Ashley I leave Longboat Key, RCC Gators, and Mawtin. To Karen I leave the Gators and the Breakfast Club. To second period fall computer applications I leave the Tab key. To EO and Caroline I leave computer notes. To Jill I leave a sandy bed. To Crispin I leave Violent

Femmes. To Sarah I leave Hillwood lifeguarding lessons and Matt M. To Annie and Lisa I leave San Antonio. To Jennie I leave second study hall and my Drivin N Cryin tapes. To Jennifer T. I leave Lion's Head, silly boys, and track conversations. To Kristin I leave my Spanish II ability. To first period History I leave you know who and the latest gossip. To Tricia and Heather I leave movies at Fountain Square. To Joelle I leave the shoulders. To John I leave the phone and the book Understanding Our Parents. To Robert I leave the Black Crowes and Hammer. To Dr. Jones I leave the batteries for my neon running shorts.

I, Amy Hamilton, being of !@\*?/+ mind (sic) and indifferent body, do hereby bequeath this: to Sarah-giblets a plenty. To Sacha-phonathons to Jesus, a tatoo wherever you want it, old buzzards, and the dead body of Hayes. To Julie, a real life. To Frances- a little Spanish teacher that pops out from behind bushes and says, "Yolanda." To Malena- the all-you-can-eat wheat buffet." To Jasmine- Lou Ferigno and unreadable larkspur seed packages. To Jasmine, Lissa, and Sacha- a Victoria's Secret shopping spree. To Elizabeth, Margaret, and Blythe- wicked awesome granolas.

I, Julia O Neal Harrison, being of dubious mind and uncooperative body, do hereby bequeath my worldly possessions to the following people: to Nancy, the brain; to Ron Eschewitz, a pretty dress, cold cream, and a middle name; to Sarah D., roiter morris, and all my computer expertise; to Malena, rose-colored glasses; to Scott, a sandwich for that man on the subway; to Jill, that timeless classic, "The Haunakkah Joint;" to Annie and D'Anna, a big jar of rubber cement; to Mrs. Klocko, (CENSORED); to Heather, a dog; to Taylor, a big wet lickery from the ferrets; to Sarah P., a demon crat; to Tuz, *un peu d'amour-propre*; to Floss, a firm young Navajo; to Julie, Shade; to Todd, a happy flower and a butt; to Allison and Sarah A., the bright and EZ music of our lives; to Kim, a megaphone; to Emily and Karissa, an on-time article; to Dr. Echerd, his very own laugh track; to Dr. Jones, a Hooked-on-Phonics set; to Kara, Wil and Q, Ponch and

John, Krystal, and our low self-esteem competition; to Mac, a bed of his own; to my parents, my love and thanks for all the things they taught me, and especially for all the things they simply let me learn.

I - um - wait a second - oh yeah - I remember - Amanda Haslam - am going to leave this stuff to these people: To Jennifer "FerFer": my running ability, Spaceballs, a stripper, a fish filter, the knowledge of what happened when the soldier dude hit me from behind. To Heather: driving lessons, normal hormones, chlorine for your hair, cotton for your bra, blood, a life. To Naomi: OPU, my grace and balance, my Calculus ability, a ride in an ambulance, and a banana. To Thalia: A copy of "Of Avocadoes and Broccoli", a fast truck with no brakes, a small black and white cow, a pine tree to help you cross the street. To Joelle: a Porsche - it's not automatic, Kyle and Billy Zane, Pepto, Italy, a box-o-Ritz, parasailing. To Sister Jill: directions for proper Pepto usage, no more faux pas babe, a map to Lake Edna, and a hot shower. To Paige: an antfarm. To Miss Wynne: the ability to scare kids like you used to. To Mrs. Oxley: heavy drugs. To PCB 13-'92: an El Camino, a low rider, Tootsie Rolls - you're all gonna die - a velcro wing-wang, guilt for throwing me into the pool, Food World, NAG'S, Shwings, Bob, 2 bedbugs, cookie dough, marshmallows, nude modeling - \$100, a very large zit, UNC, Scott B, a stunned fish, very cold water, PacMan, La Vela, superglue, a SHWING. To my fam: the young ones - a maple tree, a million laughs, and all my love. To the school: the memory of my dulcet voice lofting through the halls, and a treasure that I buried in Souby lawn and lost the map - call me if you find it. Finally, I leave my body to Wayne, Garth, Elvis, and Josh - SHWING!

I, Joelle Herr, being of a somewhat sound mind and body do hereby leave to Beth Osgood 69 sheets of notebook paper and 10 minutes in the MBA parking lot. To Jill Kasselberg, a copy of "Baby Don't Treat Me Bad", a trip to the bathroom, red beans and rice, and a bottle of air-freshening nail polish. To D'Anna Malone, my vast knowledge of and love for physics class,



chainsaw man, and grape wars. To Heather Deaton, my brush and an assorted variety of snacks which conveniently fit into a small purse. To Amanda, a sensation not unlike slapping yourself in the face, and my God-given gift to know what will happen in every episode of "The Brady Bunch" after seeing only the first 10 seconds. To PCB13, my organizing skills and need for cleanliness, or as you call it my anal retentiveness, 5 minutes of hot water, a lifetime supply of marshmallows, Tootsie Rolls, and cookie dough; and my flirting skills.

I, Mari-Kate Hopper, being of sound mind and burnt back do hereby bequeath my coveted status to Rebecca Russell and Sarah Scarborough who adequately reached this status in the Isles of Fun and Sun. Rebecca, you also get a raft and a rash. Sarah you get Ryan on the rocks and a "Go" Cheer to be done on the beach. To Dr. Cooper I leave Mr. Rogers' neighborhood. To Lindsey Cigarran I leave the ability to put up with the more difficult country folks of the world along with my favorite athlete to "do right." To Lissa Ezell I leave 3 boxes of Mrs. Goodcookie and the ability to burn every cookie. To Sacha Engel I leave my fine status at the BB, a Big Mac, the air conditioner and my two words of wisdom - B. Me. To Shirley Wet I leave the right to drive my car (except near preludes) a latenight Meal at the Donut Hole (#2), a commodious party, and a man to apply your suntan oil. To Clare Beard I leave a green (not blue) cup! To Halle Hayes I leave Raphael's Revenge and a taxi home. To Katherine Wray - a trip to Kroger. To Vadi Turner I leave you a boy to take care of in the Caymans and some scuba equipment. To Mary Pillow I leave my SMU apparel and an invitation to a party for you and 2 friends. To Katie Earls - a new senior to idolize. To Libba Loyd the end spot on the cheerleading line. To Jennifer Owen I leave a fun-filled year w/ Pat. To Rebecca Hoke - my beloved cow-cows. To Mr. Wert - a new set of aztec car mats and another great Algebra class. To the Class of '93 - an incredible Senior Year (you deserve it) and a great Spring Break (the Caymans are the best!) To my parents I leave you with an empty wallet, a quiet

house with a bathroom you are now able to walk through, lots of memories, Poochin, lots of collect calls to look forward to and a Thank-you that could not be big enough! To Frango - a thumb, a Grapetree, Amstel, a beachchair, Groggles, WATER, \$95, a 5 year old Pizza Hut, a microphone in New Orleans, an Island tour and a present straight from Holland. It was great Lang! I'll see ya! To Lizzer I leave the song by the BoDeans to remind you of the 3rd night, the realization that we're intimidating, a trip to Atlanta, a car in your backyard, a doghouse, and a steak-out cup. Love ya Liz! To the Class of '92 I leave all the fun and memories of the best years of my life. Take care, I love y'all!

I, Jill Pfeiffer Kasselberg, being of delinquent mind and world o' hurt body, do hereby leave a watgun fight to the '91 College Trip. To T.L. my L. C. - I leave you a sour apple charm pop, a hunter greange Rover, a suprise, a chicken, some cheese, and a padittle. I leave Beth Osgood countless hurs of "Sat. Night Live," a fat girl, lipskin, a Candygram, Romaine lettuce, and my Gilda shrine - NOT! To Justin Crosslin I leave a double date, a hoss, an El Camino, and a copy of *Christmas Vacation*. I leave sister Amanda a package of Runts, a shwing poster, a Mountain Dew, and some of my p. To Carrie V. I leave a visit to Blockbuster, my stingray, and a night with Fred Garvin. To Christian, I leave the green squirts, some Pepto, and 187,340. Joelle, I leave you a copy of *Gone With the Wind*, a gossip session, a game of pool, and a prom date. To Bethany and Laurel, I leave a 'Le Gusta' dance and a racy bra. To Tricia, I leave a Range Rover, a cup of coffee, and the *Grand Canyon* soundtrack. To Ashley Camp, I leave a double date and *Moonlighting*. Liza Caldwell, I leave you a box of wings. To Dr. Jones, I leave my Algebra book and my braces. To 4th period Photo, I leave string cheese. Julia, you get Mr. Puffy. To Mr. Goodwin, I leave those catalogs. To my little brother, Doogie, I give you the ability to get through high school, entrance into my room, and Elle MacPherson. To the Panama City Posse, I leave cookie dough, shwings, Tootsie Rolls, my ID as of 3/20/92, Food World, two bedbugs, a buttermilk biscuit,

a game of Chubby Bunny, the ability to find Lake Edna, an El Camino, La Vela, Velcro for your armpit, and one loud hellooo... To Ferf, I leave a sand magnet. I leave Naomi (OPU) a lighter. To Senora Dishman I leave a man and some yeyos for Brice. To all my friends and teachers over the past seven years, I leave my love and thanks.

I, Heather Kirksey, being of bizarre mind and mutant sunburned body do hereby bequeath to Ferf someone to experience Ferfignugen, a free exorcism, sexy underwear, and a *Star Wars* poster; to Mandy a *Les Miz* singing buddy, admission to UNColorado, and an even sunburn; to Naomi lots of Jewish guys, repaired ankles, and chocolate chip cookies; to the Pargo Club matches and chicken fingers; to Cigale study sessions, *crepauks*, and Cary movies; to Kara the alphabet and history conversations; to Joelle 5 min. French classes; to Thalia my height and death by rabid cow; to Jill Camels and Pepto-Bismol; to Karissa Eric - NOT! and an on time *Logos* article; to Betty some chaos; to Jennie a date with Josh; to Shay shortness; to Sarah Cate help from Jerry's Kid's Telethon; to Paige green squirts; to Dee real food; to Sacha Tasha; to Dr. Echerd clean chalkboards and sugar; to Dr. Cooper that rebellious spirit; to Mr. Sellers a fire extinguisher; to Miss Wynne the ability to scare Middle Schoolers; to Mrs. Oxley asparagus and a yawn; to Twinkle thanks for the rides; to Justin a lift and a UT hat; to Tommy velcro and a stunned trout like yat; to Matt Jello; to Andrew a carwash; to Christian a butt. the ability to get your pants down, and a place to hide your dirty underwear; to Marshall my room and car...NOT; to Mom and Dad the bill for college tuition; to PCB 13 '92 schwings, tootsie rolls, blow pops, cookie dough, NAG's, "Bring It," a very large zit, buttermilk biscuits, El Caminos, the tune to "American Pie" and the words to "California Sun" and 5 minutes to change, but not Bob (he's mine); to Cary Elwes my body and soul; and to everyone love, luck friendship and Frosted Mini-wheats.

I, Naomi Floppy Limor, being of overstressed mind and aching body do hereby leave to Amanda, Jennifer,

Heather: 4 years of a wonderful friendship, Pargo Club, and many more birthday supprises; Melissa: Tap Club, take good care of it; Amy Knowles: the will to dance - stay with BC!; Sarah W. - new ankles; Sarah and Emily D.: a hamster in the fire; Adam: a nice Jewish girl; PCB - 13: some wonderful memories, Schwing, pool tossing; Bill: superglue, DV, a twelve-year-old girl.

I, Jessica Lovett, of sound mind and body bequeath my collection of Kahil Gibran books to my friends in Penstaff, and I leave you with his words, "If my fellow poets had imagined that the necklaces of verses they composed, and the stanzas whose meters they had strengthened and joined together, would some day become reins to hold back talent, they would have torn up their manuscripts... Poetry, my dear friends, is a sacred incarnation of a smile. Poetry is a sigh that dries the tears. Poetry is a spirit who dwells in the soul, whose nourishment is the heart, whose wine is affection." I leave these words to Mrs. Myers, "I'm not denying that women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."(GE) I leave these words to Gabriel, "Love is a fire. But whether it is going to warm your heart or burn down your house, you can never tell."(Joan Crawford) Thanks for keeping me warm. And to mom, dad, and sis, I leave my energy and my spirit of laughter to flutter about the household. I love you guys.

I, Ava MacKenzie, leave to Shoana Anderson my LOVE for the Chicago Bears - Detroit Lions - and Chaa Right! To Shelley Holmer, I leave my punning ability and my ability to quickly get jokes, puns, anything of that nature. To Emily Compton, I leave my stupidity! To the children of Mari-Kate Hopper, I gladly leave my sarcasm, which will give their mother countless hours of pure Hell. To Nikol Tschaepe and her children, I leave my "liberalism" and my disgust for the NRA. To Tuz I leave my love for the NFL and my love for Rocky Horror. And finally I leave my height - I thought it would be an uplifting experience - Ha Ha Ha.

I, Ginna Maxwell, of sound mind and body leave the following things: To Mr.

Springman: late night drop-ins. To Lindsay Orcutt: to leave her uniform for the MLK game. To the 1992-1993 basketball team: green Converse high-tops. To Dr. Jones: all my neighborhood parties and exam threats. To Kate Sherrard: a great basketball season next year as the token and our sophisicated warm-up. To Tricia Bryan: Eucerin all over, double-rainbows, and memories from the merry-go-round at McDonalds on the ski trip;. To Lydia Lara: chili con carne. To Sarah Scarborough: Ryan on the rocks and the vans to get into Island Rock. To Courtney Cooper: my physics drawings. To Rebecca Russel: my ability to end the night by 9:30 p.m. and the vans to get a taxi. To Charlotte West: card fights, fake nails, hitting golf balls off the roof and my shooting ability. To Mary Pillow Kirk: close encounters with the Ecstasy, Belle Meade speed walking and great laughs. To Libby, the power and speed for the journey down the court. To Katherine Wray: a strong stomach. To Martha Drake: memories from Brownland, etc., and good luck in Perry. To Amy Lowen: secret places to read books! To Kemp and my parents: all of my love!

I, Missy McKeand, of sound mind and body leave the following to you underclassmen. To Emily Loyd, I leave my setting position. To Mary Pillow Kirk I leave my Jenny Boucer block. To Kate Sherrard I leave the basketball team. To Mary Southwood I leave my three point shot, a second period gossip session, a ride in the vette with a Depeche Mode tape, a season pass to MBA games, and a good luck wish for years to come. To Susan Corbett I leave my French book and my softball glove. To Rebecca Russell I leave a ride home. To R.A. Dickey I leave my brother, take care of him, and to my family I leave all my love. Finally, to Will I leave, "the vette."

I, Beth Osgood, being of no mind and cold body leave to Mary Dudley my ability to tolerate everyone at this school, Asher's clean room, and a dead baby animal. To Jill Kasselberg a lifetime supply of Victoria's Secret lingerie, Jane Paulery's hair, a fat girl, dancing in the rain, a b-slice and to Jill and to Carrie VanDerveer; Doug, Wayne, Garth, Mike, Glenn,



and Nathen, my killer tan ("Me vampire like" one) To Carriesome fish. To Asher Dudley buttgrape-nuts, blue cheese, a trip around the world, a bush, Rebecca Demournay and her hand that rocks the cradle (take however you choose), my eyes, and Matt Johnson. To Jane Osgood my car keys, my lamb seat covers, Winky "the cutest cat," and my room. To Ms. Dishman a date, childcare, and all my problems. To Jesse and Jill that 10 minutes at MBA. To Todd Anderson...Janis Joplin's body. To Mr. Wert a sense of humor. To Christian Puryear little peanuts. To D'Anna Serge. To Eric Greenwood a groove. To CA a vat of Duck Butter. To my cousin Judd I leave soggy bread.

I, Annie Parsons, being of sound mind and body to hereby leave the following: to my little sister Catherine, I leave "the" Volvo with its incredible stereo system and sheer power. To Catherine I also leave the "Slower Traffic Keep Right" sign on the way to Tullahoma. And finally, to Catherine I leave my patience which allowed me to sit for 5 hours and take out a braid so that I didn't end up with sprouts in top of my head like her. To Vadie Turner, I leave my sense of direction and ability to make her feel stupid every time she called our house and thought I was Catherine. To Lacey Galbraith and Tiffany Gaston, I leave the ability to be beat up and shanked by dorkey freshmen even when they become incredibly cool seniors. To Mary Lucy Yowell, I leave a lifetime supply of "Sour Lemons." To the cross country team, I leave Steeplechase, SEC, track workouts, Boyz II Men, car races, swim workouts, and the "Gummy Bears" trail.

I, Holley Phillips, do hereby leave several treasures of life to the following people: To Julie Asbury - my many clues to the mysteries of the universe and the ability to tell the blubbering laymen of the Metro area "Here's a clue", some "I'm mute"s, a plethora of ideas for an all Holley and Julie Broadway show, your own pop group, and Sarah's old room so you can really be a Phillips. To Sacha Engel - an Acting III class with the crew, 'Stage Kiss,' and a

resounding chorus of "Hello My Baby." To Malena - a bright and sunny attitude, and now it ALWAYS always Malena. To Mary Wallace - cool costumes next year. To Jasmine - stack. To Lissa Ezell - the right to pick a deserving freshman to say "Get out of my face" to for the next two years. To Sarah Phillips - my hearing, my room, my can, a very successful speed metal band, "Boo!", the words to "Love Comes Tumbling," Kyle and Kenneth, my math abilities, more Julie theme songs, some peace and quiet, and two years home alone with Mom and Dad.

I, Tracy Robinson, hereby leave Meg Vaughn - any Pontiac seen driving on the road or parked. My wonderful ability to chart music, and last but not least, I leave you the honor of making your own happy endings to any unfinished conversations. I love you Meg! Tricia Bryan - I leave my anxiety for certain weekends because of you know who. I also leave any flowers that I may have for you to trace their families. Stephanie Cook - I leave you my sense of balance and hope that you use it wisely in your life. Lindsey Cigarran - I leave you responsible of getting the counts and steps across clearly. I also leave you all the extra-small leotards ever made. Bailey Robinson - little brother, I leave you physically, but you will never have my phone line. I love you more than anything in this whole world!

I, Elizabeth Rochford, leave my obsession for Jimmy Buffett to all the other Parrot Heads. I leave my brilliant studying technique to Nikol Tshaepe. I leave all my violations to the administration. I give my homework to the teachers who assigned it. I leave the senior house patio to anyone who can't find a parking space. I leave an absentee excuse to anyone who needs one. I leave my Jeep to Beth, since she no longer drives a stick shift. To Rosalind, I leave a Pato Banton tape, since Beth took hers. To Dianne, I leave a weekend trip to any given college. To Chris, I leave a tour of Nashville. To Beth, I also leave a box of taffy, a trip to Vulcan State Park, and

a purple t-shirt. To Pia, I leave a ring from Jewel Medley. To Dad, I leave the St. Paul, the only company he has left.

I, Karissa Schechter, no longer being of sound mind or body should not really be allowed to leave anybody anything, but I will anyway. . . to Thalia I leave an afterlife without grasshoppers, to Emily D. I leave ravenous police dogs snarling at the Logos room door at 9PM, to Heather K. I leave a blackboard (or is it pink?) and a fire extinguisher, to Kim I leave a smile and she better wear it. . . or else, to Julia I leave *merde de taureau*, to Sarah D. I leave sibling strife, to Mary I leave a little more luck, less stress and my clothes, to Tasha I leave a good looking Italian, to Brooke I leave profound conversations in the Sportsplex parking lot, to Kara I leave her name, which isn't Karissa. . . I promise, to D'Anna I leave *eine Gurke*, to Jennifer I leave an obsolete backstroke and a camera with a self-timer, to Malena I leave teachers talking turkey (in 60 point even!!), to AP Fizzicks I leave the assurance that, relatively speaking, we are really floating above the urth on light, to Dr. Jones I leave the fear that one day some physics student will drop a homemade hydrogen bomb on his house, to Tuz I leave the promise that I will sleep at least one hour per night from now on, to Dr. Cooper I leave the creative ability to think up new euphemisms, to Mr. Sellers I leave a new name for his hissing cockroach, to Brandon I leave sweet memories, to my family I leave myself because I'm not really leaving, and to all of you I leave plenty of luck and ocean waves - you're going to need them out there.

I, Shannon Simpson, of exhausted mind and sound body do hereby leave the following: to Madie, I leave a freezing detour to school on a mid-winter morning. To Halle Hayes, I leave some words of wisdom and one yellow cabana. To Corbett, I leave a flying with a *nice* senior boy. To Lissa Ezell, I leave a sincere Joe-drama soulmate. To Rebecca Russell, I leave a ride home. To Carrie Daniels, I leave two good dreams per week. To Dee Shriver, many more of your Taco Bell visits. To Carrie Chase, I leave an even temper. To Elizabeth

Oglesby, a safe walk down the Blvd. To Em Loyd, I leave my boy craziness. To Courney Coop, you get the roof power on the court next fall. To Tricia B., a realization that one mistake is OK. To Vadie, I leave you a crazy sophomore year. To Parkes Owen, a Boyz-2-Men tape and a 3 a.m. wake up call. To Sarah Walton, I leave the power of words. To Lindsey Cigarran, I love you R.A. (Take care of him and don't do him wrong.) To Will McKeand, I leave the vette since Miss can't quite part with it. To R.A. Dickey, I leave a goldfish, a seagull, a baseball and my heart. To the Class of 1993, I do hereby leave the memorable senior year that you all deserve. To my parents and Callie - all of my love and many thanks for everything. To the Class of 1992 - some irreplaceable memories, a continuation of the ability to defy tradition and the best of luck for the future. I love you all. These are the times to hold on to.

I, Lisa Tanley, of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Lacey Galbraith, some prunes, my car keys and a driver's manual; to Tiffany Gaston, shankable shorts, and a driver's manual (but not my car keys); to Mary Lucy, my Physics notes; to Kate Terry, stronger ankles; to Lindsey O., 2 more years; to Dawn, HVTC; some white out to Ashley Richter; to Shay, a new and improved "guide to the English language"; a baguette to Judith; to Sarah Cate, Stephen; to Meredith, Peter, Peter, a ride on the Dolley Trolley, and a watch that always says 4:30; to Leigh Wayburn, Brian and "It's not flat!"; to Jennifer Duck, Metro Air Blasts; a Peasant's Meal, Peter, Jusice, 1/2 of the 6, a canoe, and cous cous to Annie; to Kara, 3 more days in Sanibel and a chance to meet Peter; to Nancy, Macaroni and Cheese, Peter, and a "can of w....."; to Carrie C., a lifetime supply of Lip Therapy, a fake ID for Exit/In, Coppertone Foot Sunblock -- SpF 150, Peter, Pink Zinka, and sole right to perform the Wooster Dance for Chas; to Carrie V., Sidney, our folder, a canoe, the missing \$ from Candyland and "the circle restaurant," Peter, Rock Fish's tape (if there is one), and all of our "excursions," to H.H. faculty, "Thank You"; to everyone else, the confidence to follow your dreams.

I, Natasha Taylor, of sound mind and body, do swear away all of my possessions - my wit, my intelligence, and my violent mood swings - to nobody. Valueless these things would be rendered without their original owner (no joke.) I leave my love of existence to those deserving others - you know who you are.

I, Rosalind Teal, being of unsound mind and exhausted body leave my obsession with Pato Banton music to Beth Geddie and my great speedy driving skills to Shay with many races home. To Melanie I leave a roller skating party for her birthday; to Clare I leave my long lost St. Patrick's Day mug that does not stay green all the time. I leave Elizabeth a real life Parrot for her obsession with Jimmy Buffett and to Crispin I leave all of the old Pony Club events that proved to be challenging and many times dangerous, and I also leave her all of those late night parties while the parents are away. To Becky I leave my great not to be messed with bangs and many swimming voyages. I leave to anyone who wants a piece, a piece of my year supply of Cinnaburst gum. To Carrie I leave a date to a BGA game with one of those hot BGA guys and a date with Dan Hall on the basketball court, and we can not forget the baseball player in a place we can not remember the name. To Lee I leave a dinner at the China Hut and to Ward I leave my Pato Banton tape.

I, Carrie Van Derveer, being of Drivin' mind and Cryin' body leave Lisa, Annie, C.C., Meredith and Nancy a night with Pete. To Lisa the folder, a lifetime supply of Charlie and Lip Therapy. To C.C. sunblock for the left foot only. To Kara three more nights in Sanibel. To Annie C.T. "the man" and the New Jersey boys. To Nancy a date with Steve Grant and Dan Hall. To Nancy and Annie cable installation. To Rosalind the disco place at Alabama and Craig Hoover. To Beth fishface and baby wipes. To Jim Wayne, Garth, and Melrose Bowling Alley. To Jennifer Ingram Andy's toothpaste breath and a hydroslide. To Josephine Proctor my cats, sashas, and a bowling ball. To Stephanie Smartt, Katie Moran, Deanna Adcock, Amy Richmond, and the others basketball practices with Skipper. To

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the New Jersey boys. To Nancy a date with Steve Grant and Dan Hall. To Nancy and Annie cable installation. To Rosalind the disco place at Alabama and Craig Hoover. To Beth fishface and baby wipes. To Jim Wayne, Garth, and Melrose Bowling Alley. To Jennifer Ingram Andy's toothpaste breath and a hydroslide. To Josephine Proctor my cats, sashas, and a bowling ball. To Stephanie Smartt, Katie Moran, Deanna Adeock, Amy Richmond, and the others basketball practices with Skipper. To Meredith six new batteries and a car vacuum. To David Howerton my fro with a butt cut. To Morgan Parker a night basketball game at Lisa's. To David Proctor another sheepskin steering wheel cover. To Tommy Brown my car keys. To Alex Dean a John Travolta dance lesson. To my brother Will my old pair of jeans and a wedding ring. To my mom I leave the two Dan Halls, your Jeep, my rollerblades, and 10 more chocolate labradors.

I, Leigh Wayburn, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will the following: to Kathryn Ozier, Carolina matchmaking skills; to Mary Pillow Kirk, a mustache and two more years of Mock Trial; to Shay Upadhyaya, a soggy baguette, a peace symbol, Coffee Talk, some softball respect, and a serious cut; to Judith Howell, a shower and some bread; to Lindsey Cigarran, Matt; to Mary Vance, Louis's bicycle, a good smelling guy, and a phone booth; to Rebecca Russell, the nickname "Hoss," a ride home, and the realization that senior guys are overrated; to Akim Vaughan, an interesting leg position, photography giggles, Ho, Ho, Ho, and a guy named Snake; to Madie McKnight, a week in Sap, a black halter top, whunung, and a ride home; to Dr. Cooper, a view from the right; to Mr. Hooper, 9 college applications, a senior lunchtable conversation, and a book of softball expressions; to my parents, an empty house, an empty wallet, 5 interesting days with 11 days in Mexico, a copy of "I'm Too Sexy," and a hard hat.

I, Michele West, do hereby leave my school spirit and happy-go-lucky attitude to Harpeth Hall. To my 1st period French II class, I leave my strong, loving embrace of the French language, and my

"as good as new" French II workbook. To my sister Caroline, I leave the environmentally aware, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Peace Nova Sportsmobile in your tender loving care. To Fred, I leave the hope for the future, where you never need to worry who your true friends are, and where you can find someone you have no need to lie to but can simply talk. To Beth, I leave my multi-colored pen, my last "lucky," and a roundtrip ticket to New York's LaGuardia airport, on American Airlines, of course. To the 6th period Photography I class, I leave my quiet, unassuming ways, and my uncanny ability to turn everything in on time. (This applies to English homework also.) Torie, we've gone so far. From Guido's to now, has anything really changed? To Jessica, I leave you a car stereo (no need for sharp objects), and my wind-shield wiper control because Beth broke it. To Mommy and Daddy, I love you. To Patrick, I give you my heart. Harpeth Hall - "To be or not to be, that is the question" - Be!

I, Nancy Wright, do hereby leave the following: to Shay U. - dinner, 'cause its on the table, come home, and my goggles which will protect you from Chernobyl; to Julia H. - all the thinker movies, but I'm keeping the brain; to Liz E. - a hiding place in Georgia's closet; to Delia H. - the original partnership to the Peanut Butter Quiz, and a voice 3 decibels higher than the ear can determine on answering machines; to Katherine Wray and Lacey Galbraith - the ability to spot a deal at any Salvi shop; to Meredith P. - a warehouse of food the size of Vermont to pay back all that I've mooched; to Delia's brothers

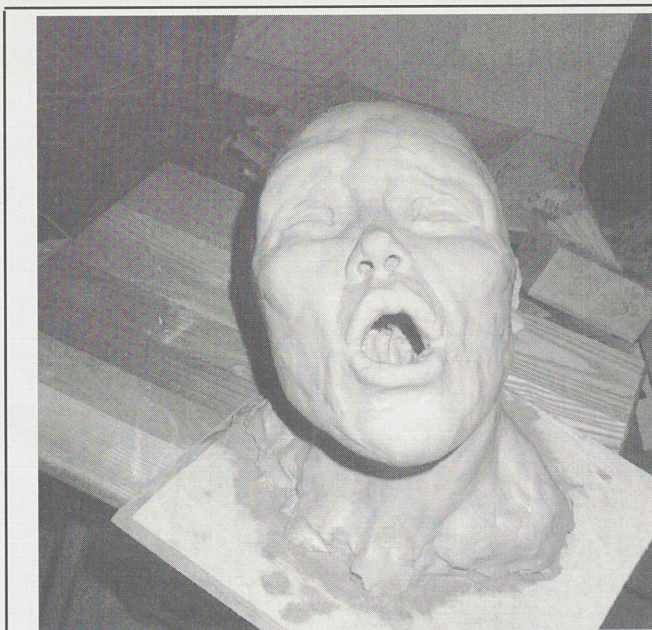


photo and sculpture by Yoko Ichikawa

## Goodbye. . .

(continued from page 1)

most of all, challenge your mind!"

While some will be moving south of our state, others will be moving across the Atlantic Ocean. After her marriage to Tom on June 27- to which all of her present and previous English students are cordially invited, - Amy Sebes will move to Berlin, Germany, where her fiancé has been stationed in the Foreign Service. Feeling a bit apprehensive about the move, Sebes states that she has become attached to the students in her past two years of teaching at Harpeth Hall. "The experience of getting to know the students in and out of the classroom has been very rewarding. I feel really fortunate to have taught here and to have the students I have had. Teaching and knowing them has enriched my life."

On the other hand, Mrs. Tania Batson, who has also been at Harpeth Hall for two years, intends to pursue a full-time music career in Nashville. At present she is writing a children's musical derived from the Biblical parable of the Prodigal Son, and is performing in *Baby* at the Tennessee Repertory Theatre this spring. "I have loved being with students; it



photo by Emily Davis

has always been a dream of mine to pursue performance, and while I'm still young I can!" Well, Mrs. Batson, any advice to the students? "Be true to yourself," she says, "and believe in your dreams! Be sure to get the most you can out of Harpeth Hall. Get out and get involved while you can - especially in music programs!"

Last but not least, Mrs. Patricia Carney, who has been a part-time librarian at Harpeth Hall for two years, is planning to find a full-time

position at another institution similar to Harpeth Hall. In her two years here, the library has implemented numerous changes including the addition of computers. She stresses how important it is to "fully utilize the excellent library collection of both fiction and non-fiction books!"

The Harpeth Hall community will miss their presence but wishes them success in their planned endeavors.

## Hillsboro. . .

(continued from page 4)

status and those only because they had as many preconceived ideas as we did. Hillsboro was, obviously, more diverse than HH, though. There was everything from foreign students just learning English to students preparing for their A.P. exams. Such diversity, though it was sometimes divisive, was, nevertheless, a refreshing

change and probably the best thing about Hillsboro. In this way, Hillsboro more adequately reflects the real world than Harpeth Hall does. That "realistic" atmosphere was somewhat exaggerated in our minds. Certainly some students think "I have some morals, but I have to fit in," but it is not as dangerous as we had heard that it might be.

The facilities and classes at Hillsboro have to account for its diversity. For instance, each homeroom is equipped with a Channel One television on which ten minutes of current events are shown every day. Unfortunately, most students do not take advantages of this benefit which we do not have at our school. Partially due to lack of handicapped students, our facilities in that department are also sparse, but Hillsboro goes so far as to have elevators for those in wheelchairs and interpreters for the deaf. In addition, they have excellent facilities for the vocational school.

At Hillsboro, students have a choice from among three tracks of study: advanced, regular, and vocational. Vocational

classes include those on *Automatics*, *Cosmetology*, and *Recording Studio*; much of the equipment is surprisingly professional for a high school. Many of the regular classes are geared toward future occupations as well, for example, only commercial art is taught. The advanced classes are very similar to those at Harpeth Hall. Students have discussions concerning contemporary issues, and they use many of the same textbooks as we do.

For college preparation, Harpeth Hall offers a more academic environment, but students at Hillsboro are given more options and have more exposure to different kinds of people. Those students who intend to enter the work force after high school are as well prepared as those who will go on to college.

Though one day is not enough time to gain much insight into a completely different type of atmosphere, we enjoyed our visit. We hope students at Hillsboro were able to learn as much from us as we did from them.





photo by Emily Davis

Ponch and John (Kara Emerson and Julia Harrison) give HH two thumbs up.

## Sculptress sinks into madness

By Julia Harrison

When the nominations for the 1990 Academy Awards were announced, many people were surprised to see Isabelle Adjani, star of the French film *Camille Claudel*, on the Best Actress ballot. Although Kathy Bates won the Oscar, the unexpected nomination was good publicity for Adjani and *Camille Claudel*; the film, adorned with yellow subtitles, soon appeared in even the most backward American video stores.

I approached the movie somewhat cautiously, as I do not exactly possess any smidgen of the Gallic zest for life that seems to be requisite for enjoying French

films, especially those with Gerard Depardieu. *Camille Claudel* is the story of the young, turn-of-the-century, Parisian sculptress and her relationship with Auguste Rodin. During the first stages of the story, in which Camille meets Rodin and becomes his student, Adjani strongly resembles a French Molly Ringwald with all the same adolescent rebelliousness and pouty mannerisms, the only difference being that her character is motivated by her passion for art whereas Molly's were usually driven by a need for the perfect lipgloss.

But from the beginning of the love affair between Rodin and his young student, the tone of

the movie changes. After their inevitable breakup, Camille has angry delusions that Rodin and his "gang" are persecuting her, and using coercion to deny her increasingly masterful sculpture its deserved recognition. Despite attempts by her family and friends to help her, Camille descends destructively and irretrievably into complete madness.

*Camille Claudel* succeeds on several levels; it is entertaining, it says some important things on the nature of art and obsessions, and it is, itself, a work of art. I would strongly suggest that you see it whether you are an artist or just play one on TV.

## Seniors become freshmen again

Thalia Acosta	U. of Pennsylvania
Marcie Allen	Rhodes College
Beth Amond	U. of Tennessee
Anitha Anandaiah	Tulane U.
Sarah Anderson	Northwestern U.
Charlotte Avant	Columbia U.
Frances Bailey	Davidson College
Langford Barksdale	U. of Georgia
Clare Beard	Miami U.
Amy Brooks	Rhodes College
Mary Evelyn Brooks	Indiana U.
Brooke Brown	Cornell U.
Liza Caldwell	U. of Mississippi
Ashley Camp	Auburn U.
Betty Caplinger	U. of North Carolina
Shelley Carmichael	Miami U.
Emily Casselbury	Oberlin College
Elizabeth Cherry	U. of Georgia
Carrie Crossman	Kenyon College
Emily Davis	Notre Dame U.
Sarah Davis	Notre Dame U.
Heather Deaton	Birmingham Southern U.
Victoria DeFrance	U. of Vermont
Jennifer Duck	Franklin and Marshall College
Liz Earls	DePauw U.
Kara Emerson	Boston College
Kathy Gale Estes	U. of the South
Jennifer Farringer	Rhodes College
Beth Geddie	College of Charleston
Amy Hamilton	Connecticut College
Delia Hardin	Davidson College
Julia Harrison	Macalester College
Amanda Haslam	DePauw U.

Joelle Herr	U. of Richmond
Mari-Kate Hopper	Southern Methodist U.
Yoko Ichikawa	Wesleyan U.
Jennifer Ingram	U. of Tennessee
Jill Kasselburg	Hollins College
Heather Kirksey	Rice U.
Naomi Limor	Brandeis U.
Jessica Lovett	Southern Illinois U.
Ava MacKenzie	Echard College
D'Anna Malone	Centre College
GINNA Maxwell	Rhodes College
Missy McKeand	Miami U.
Beth Osgood	Loyola of Chicago
Meredith Palmer	Tulane U.
Annie Parsons	Davidson College
Holley Phillips	Hendrix College
Tracy Robinson	U. of Georgia
Elizabeth Rochford	U. of Alabama
Karissa Schechter	Harvard U.
Tricia Shalibo	Hollins College
Shannon Simpson	Rhodes College
Allison Sisk	Boston U.
Lisa Tanley	Lehigh U.
Natasha Taylor	Yale U.
Rosalind Teal	Gettysburg College
Nikol Tschaep	Boston U.
Carrie Van Derveer	U. of Alabama
Kim Wang	Northwestern U.
Jean Ellen Waugh	College of Charleston
Leigh Wayburn	Colgate U.
Lellyett Wentworth	James Madison U.
Michele West	U. of Tennessee
Nancy Wright	DePauw U.

## Dear Ponch & John

The newly revealed Julia Harrison and Kara Emerson have assumed the guise of the police officers of the 1980's television show *CHiPs*.

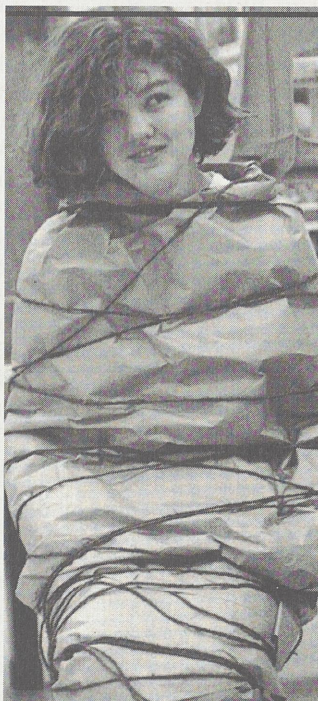
### Dear Ponch and John:

I am an MBA junior. I have long since seen the light-- Garth and Randy are truly Gods, but my girlfriend is a hip-hop junkie. She won't even go to a Lynrd Skynrd concert- she says "Freebird" gives her hives! She'd rather vogue than hoedown any day; we tried to compromise with "vogue-down," but it just didn't work. I don't understand it because she seems pretty cool about my other habits- we went four-wheeling after prom in the Bronco, and for my birthday she sculpted a dip jar, but she says the music is just too much. What should I do?

Signed,  
I was country but  
country wasn't cool  
with my girlfriend

**Ponch:** Well, the chick's got it right- country just isn't cool. If you don't wise up, man, you'll be sleeping single in a double bed faster than I can spit on John. Wake up man, disco's where it's at! Just remember: "...and the BeeGees said 'Let there be disco light.'- and then there was John Travolta."

**John:** Ponch is, to a certain extent, correct. Perhaps you and your girlfriend should engage in a compromise of sorts. Investigate a form of music together; try classical, jazz, Zydeco, or Barry Manilow (my personal favorite). Who knows, you might just add some years to the shelf life of your  
(continued on page 11)



Entombed enwombed  
In the cocoon of the  
common human experience  
Pre-packaged, pre-planned,  
since mass production.

Only the Amish man knew  
He who dined on a rolling  
office chair  
Rolled to the counter to grab  
the freshly churned butter  
to give the daughter he  
named Chastity  
Somehow, Chastity did work,  
sitting across from an  
attractive man.  
He who was once a  
carpenter and a struggling  
actor  
Made the inside joke "Now  
this is good coffee."

Somehow, when the movie  
was over  
Our eyes adjusted to the  
reality of the sunlight  
Our minds with new notions  
Of maternity, chastity, and  
coffee,  
making new theories on life  
and levitation,  
leviathans of learning and  
human experience  
Paper weight, office chair  
Illusions  
Repressed Hollywood  
Allusions  
Paperback.  
Paper filters  
Of yellow  
yellow  
yellow news  
Yellow teeth  
Caffeinated heart, "poor,  
poor, withered."  
So the story goes to ragtime  
beat.  
So it goes. . . .  
So it goes. . . .  
So it goes. . . .  
By Yoko Ichikawa

### \*CONTEST WINNERS\*

For this dazzling issue, Logos held a contest. Yoko Ichikawa and Tad Wert, our two winners, found inspiration in this picture and channelled it into poetry and prose. They will each receive a \$30 gift certificate for Tower Records and Books. Congratulations!

#### Entry #1:

Three months after  
being a subject in Mrs.  
Norris's latest biotech  
experiment, Heather "Pupa"  
Kirksey fields questions on  
what it's like to be gene-  
spliced with a Monarch  
butterfly. By Mr. Wert

#### Entry #2:

"Ragtime Tangent"  
Somehow, Houdini didn't  
work this time.  
The mother he was attached  
to died recently  
Or was it a she?



# Faculty brawl breaks out

By Julia Harrison

Julia wrote this article as part of a Logos II journalism class.

Last Wednesday, third period classes along the hall connecting the Math-Science lobby and the Wallace Wing were disrupted by shouts and loud scuffling sounds coming from the corridor.

Outside the classes were treated to the sight of Dr. Art Echerd, Chairperson of the History Department, and Mr. Tad Wert, Math teacher, pummeling each other like Indiana Jones and some Nazi thug. It was not a pretty sight, according to eyewitnesses.

"It was *vachement horrible*," said dwarfish senior

Heather Kirksey who took one look at the catfighting teachers and ran, sobbing, into the French room. She was later found under a desk in the fetal position.

As Dr. Cooper cowered in the doorway of his classroom, Echerd twisted Wert into a Half-Nelson and began muttering "Take it back, take it back. . ." Cool-headed French teacher Mrs. Benn came to the rescue, breaking up the fight with the help of a handy fire-axe.

A few minutes ticked away as they collected their thoughts before offering an explanation for their actions.

"For a couple of months now, Wert has been taping cartoons to the

calls and you can't come to the phone?

Signed,  
Concerned

**John:** I will not even dignify that puerile scatological query with a response, but have a nice day, anyway.

**Ponch:** Think about it, man. We're on TV. Have you ever seen anybody on TV have to go to the bathroom?

## Ponch & John

(continued from page 10)  
relationship and prolong the expiration date of your love.

### Dear Ponch and John:

I don't have a problem, it's really just a question. I was wondering since you guys are always out on the highway and miles from the nearest gas station; what do you do when nature



photo courtesy of Milestones

Mr. Wert hires Mr. Springman to do his dirty work.

outside of his door. In general, they depict animal-rights activists, liberals, and pacifists as thumb-sucking, bed-wetting whiners," said Echerd. "I resent that. These kids need a positive role

war.

"So I xerox off about a pound of copies of that picture I have that says how it'll be a good day when the schools get all the money they need, and the army has

Mrs. Rhys summarily dismissed both teachers, suggesting that they invest in some fancy leotards and get jobs with the World Wrestling Federation.

But they have other plans. Echerd, who is suffering from a concussion and third degree rug burns on 75% of his face, and Wert, who messed-up his hairdo and lost a finger in the brawl due to the enthusiastic Mrs. Benn and her trusty fire-axe, have agreed to set aside their differences. They are working together on a proposal for a boxing / self-defense program which they will market to local schools.

## "He hit me first"

model, so I started putting up my own cartoons, just inside my room at first so you can choose to read them or not. Then Wert started plastering his all down the hallway, so I put a few on the outside of my door to retaliate.

"Then this morning I see he's put them up all down the hall, almost to my room. Then I decided: this is

to hold a bake sale to buy a bomber. I start putting 'em up all over and I hear this voice, Wert's, behind me saying how it'll be a *great* day when they stop handing out doctorates for sissy subjects. I had to hit him. Oh, violence is *such* a vicious negative cycle."

Wert's reply, "He hit me first."

# Cusack will Say Anything

By Anitha Anandaiah

*Say Anything* is one of those movies you really like but are not sure why. It stars John Cusack as Lloyd Dobbler, a likeable, easy-going high school graduate who doesn't really know what he wants to do with his life. He is captivated by Diane Court, the beautiful and slightly aloof valedictorian (played by Lone Skye). He finally works up the nerve to

ask her out, and, when she accepts, it is the start of an ideal relationship.

The relationship is marred, however, when Diane's father, with whom she is very close, is accused of fraud by the FBI. Rent the movie, and find out if he is guilty and how the relationship works out.

I guarantee you will fall in love with Lloyd -he's the perfect mix of cute, funny,

and serious.

*Say Anything* is by no means an extraordinary movie. The roles do not require much depth of acting; the plot is not entirely captivating or suspenseful. It is, however, very enjoyable to watch. If you are in the mood for a fairly light movie that will keep your interest, *Say Anything* is the perfect movie for you.

## Sleeping with the Enemy will grab you

By Mary Vance

*Sleeping with the Enemy*, recently released on home video, is a movie which depicts Laura (Julia Roberts), a young woman who is trapped in a frightening marriage by a threatening husband (Patrick Bergin) who abuses her physically and mentally. However, the twist comes when Laura, unlike most

battered wives, decides to take action by faking her own death and changing her identity to escape from her husband. She moves to a quiet town in Idaho where she starts over - a new job, the ability to be close to her mother (who is in a nursing home), and Ben - her next-door neighbor whom she befriends. Life is too good to be true, but how long will it

last before the wacky husband mysteriously tracks her down? The movie is full of suspenseful scenes, action, and surprises - but it is not for the faint at heart. Good acting and a well-written script make this movie an attention grabber, and it will keep the audience on its toes until the shocking end!



**Sarah Anderson**  
President of the Cum Laude Society  
and of Mu Alpha Theta

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# What's all the racket about?

By Stephanie Smartt

The Harpeth Hall 1992 Varsity tennis team had an outstanding season this spring. Coached by Mrs. Pat Moran, the girls won six out of eight matches during the season. The team won all four district matches by upsetting the University School of Nashville, St. Cecilia, Hillsboro, and Hillwood. The team placed second in the Rotary Tournament in Chattanooga, losing to Girls Preparatory School by only three points. A few weeks ago at the Chadwell Tournament, held here at Harpeth Hall, our

team placed third. Baylor won the tournament; Webb School of Knoxville placed second; and Brentwood Academy landed a close fourth.

Coach Moran commented that "we had a good season, considering that we had to rebuild a great deal. We've made a giant step this year." Mrs. Moran also pointed out that the team will possess strong leadership next year from rising seniors Courtney Cooper, Stephanie Smartt, and Julianne Lagasse. Moran concluded that she's "excited about next season."



photo courtesy of Shelley Carmichael

Tennis team takes a break to pose for their fans' cameras.

## Goodwin. . .

(continued from page 4)

Goodwin's school days were not all humorous, though. In fact, one of the things he remembers most about school is the overwhelming lack of motivation he had for learning (as compared to his college years) that was a product of his community, his family, and his school environment. "I had no teachers that had any impact on my life in any way; there

were only a couple that I thought were even passable as teachers. I've thought many times that the best teacher at my high school wasn't even as good as the worst teacher at Harpeth Hall -- if there even is such a thing." Goodwin loves and appreciates Harpeth Hall compared to his school because "no two days are the same, no two days are alike; the bell rings and you get this whole new wave of new people, new ideas."

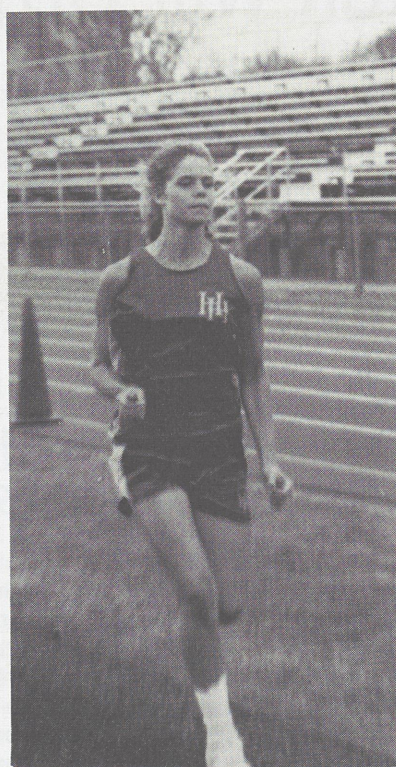
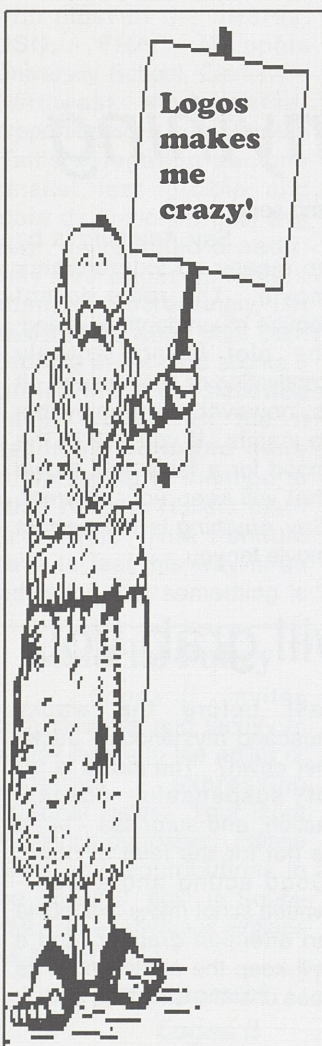


photo courtesy of Langford Barksdale

Freshman Mary Creagh burns up the track.

# Track team runs circles around best in the state

By Emily Compton

The track & field team has had a great season. Even though the regional competition has been tougher, our athletes have met the challenges and come out ahead.

There are only 3 seniors on this young team - Jennifer Farringer, Annie Parsons and Lisa Tanley;

almost half the members of this year's team are freshmen with great potential.

The outstanding season has included: 2nd place at the Macauley meet in Chattanooga, 3rd place at the Optimist Relays, an undefeated dual meet season, and 1st place in the District and the Region. In addition, sophomore Lindsey Orcutt won the Pentathlon and junior Anne Bartholomew

performed very well despite not having trained for the Pentathlon.

The finale was a second straight state track and field championship, as they overwhelmed Memphis

East, their closest competitor. Harpeth Hall was the only midstate team in any Class, boys and girls, to win at the state level this year. It was a team victory, led by individual places by Orcutt, Kate Sherrard and Mollie Mills in the field events, Orcutt, Mary Southwood, Kate Terry, Bartholomew, and Mary Brooke Akers in the running events, and capped by incredible performances by all of the relay teams.

"It has helped that we have a lot of depth," said Coach Susan Russ. "We are able to field every event." Hopes are high to keep the streak going next year. If they would only let girls pole vault...

## Ouch! Isn't the ball supposed to be soft?

By Leigh Wayburn

The Honeybear forces took to the softball field this year with hopes of another interesting season under the astute coaching of Mr. Phil Hooper and Mr. Peter Goodwin. Although the team record has not been one of the most successful, the team has had fun and also played a little softball.

Under the senior leadership of Jean "BA" Waugh, Rosalind "Rosie" Teal and Leigh "Arm" Wayburn, the Honeybears have earned victories and several close games. With a

surprisingly large number of talented underclassmen, the team promises to improve and pull off some more victories in the future.

Juniors like Shay Upadyaya, Amy Lowen, and Emily Loyd have strengthened the team's hitting and fielding power, while Lauren Marler and Waugh are living proof of the dangers of softball (one broken nose and a nasty fall). Upadyaya said, "Although we don't win much, we have a good time." the season has been great and we'd like to thank all of our few dedicated fans.